

## The Evening World

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## MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE.



THREE THOUSAND girls danced on Monday on the grass west of the Mall in Central Park.

That is what the grass is and should be for.

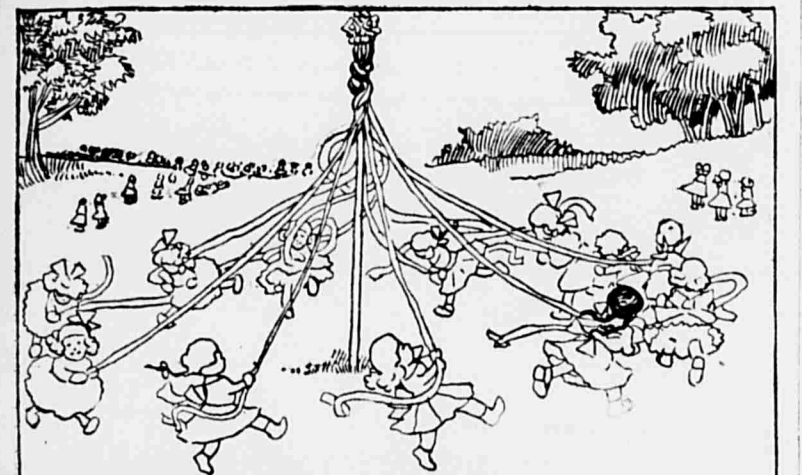
Some people say that the purpose of the Central Park lawns is to be gazed upon from a carriage or automobile. That is not right. The parks are and should be for the children of New York.

The man who owns a horse or an automobile can take himself out to

the real country every afternoon and any Sunday. He can go where the grass grows spontaneously, where the trees were planted by nature, where the sky is clean of smoke and where the birds are singing in the leaves and he will only listen to them.

Except for a short vacation period few children of New York see grass or trees except when they go to a park. Their tender little feet do not know the sensation of springing turf if the "Keep Off the Grass" signs are enforced.

There are more children in Greater New York than the whole population of Philadelphia. Most of these children live in the same house with a dozen other families. The future population of this city will not come from the big single houses on Fifth avenue, where the birth rate is less than the death rate, but from the tenement-houses, where the children are born more rapidly than their elders fill the cemeteries.



The school girls who danced in the park are the mothers of the future. Their health decides the future health of this city. Their brains decide the intelligence of the men of coming generations. Their morals will be the guide to the morals of the future.

Nothing is too good for them.

There should be more play grounds for the children.

The fifty-seven school sites which the city has bought, paid for and does not use should be made into attractive play grounds. All the parks should be thrown open that the children may be joyous when they can, because the days of possible joyousness are too few as it is.

This is not a plea for more political real estate speculations like Kissena, Hunt's Point and Hamilton Parks. What the children want is a place within distance of their homes that they can walk to, not miles away.

And what the children need most is a real playground—not an exhibition place or a gymnasium or a drilling ground, but some accessible spot where they can play the games which every generation of children mysteriously inherit; where they can dig in the ground, roll in the grass, make earth hills and forts or mud pies; where, in short, they can be simple, natural children and have those pleasures which are the inalienable right of childhood.



## Letters from the People

**A Money Muddle.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Here is a financial puzzle for readers to discuss: A and B are man and wife. C is sister to B. Now A wants a loan of \$100 from C. C gets the sum from D and passes it over to B and B passes it to A. Now, who is to pay D the \$100? B told C not to give B the \$100 if it was not C's money.  
D. R.

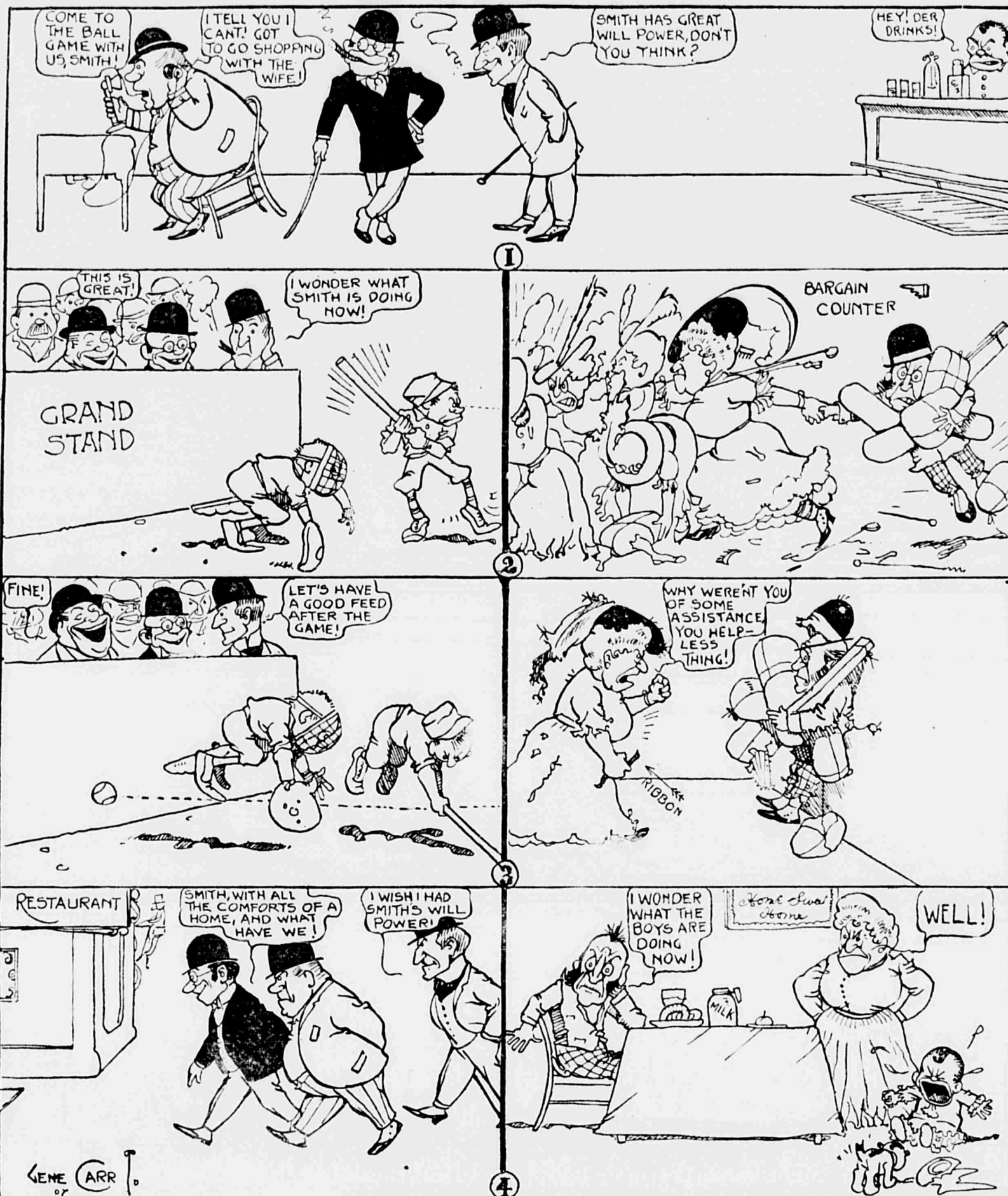
**One View of the Case.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
An automobile owner holding real estate is arrested; \$100 cash bail accepted; fine \$15. A chauffeur holding no real estate is arrested; \$100 cash bail refused; real estate bail required; fine \$50. What is the answer, readers?  
GASOLINE.

**Chances in the Country.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
There are in many parts of the world (for instance, in the United States, Mexico and Cuba) places where land can be had at very reasonable prices. The land in Cuba, for instance, is very fertile and something is growing all the time. It can often be had for \$25 an acre. A \$10 rent or a but will prove sufficient to live in the year around. All implements needed would be valued at about \$5. A few dollars' worth of vegetable seed will also be necessary to sustain with. The first crop will be gathered in about two months. Then there could be planted oranges, coconuts and other nut trees, bananas, pineapples, figs, etc., and in a comparatively few years one acre would be worth \$100. Counting it all together \$100 ought to be sufficient to make a good start. Any one who is not too young or too old and not lame or crippled ought

## Home, Sweet Home.

By Gene Carr.

(Please Note Smith's Great Will Power Never Fails.)



## Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

Has Two Suitors.

Dear Betty:  
I am a young lady of seventeen. I am quite pretty and have two admirers. One of them is very wealthy but I love the other one, who is rather poor. Will you please advise me on this subject?  
T. M. W.

A Lovesick Youth.

Dear Betty:  
I am sixteen and am desperately in love with a girl of my own age. My love for her is so great that I am unable to do my work. You have often advised us foolish lovers to turn our attention to books, etc. I have followed your advice and have often been tempted to fold her in my arms as I have read in numerous books. How

can I cure myself of this love, as I am most unhappy?  
R. J. R.  
You are very foolish and in reality know nothing about true love. You have read the wrong kind of books, which have filled your head with romantic nonsense. Take up Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and other good books of adventure, go in for athletics and make girl friends. You will get over your youthful infatuation.  
Does He Care for Her?

Dear Betty:  
I am deeply in love with a handsome young man. I see a great deal of him. He seems very fond of me and pays more attention to me than any one else. He comes to see me quite often at my invitation. He takes me out quite a good deal, but never pays any attention to me. He talks to all the other girls. Do you think he cares for me?  
J. E.

I think the young man is too sure of you and for that reason does not care

for you very deeply. If you constantly invite him to call he will see that you love him. Wait for him to ask to call, and if he pays attention to other girls when you are out together do the same thing and pay attention to other men.  
An Impulsive Girl.

Dear Betty:  
I am a young girl of twenty-two, and am considerably pretty by my friends. About two years ago I made the acquaintance of a young man about my own age. He has taken me to various places of amusement and has always treated me with the greatest respect. As I am of an impulsive nature I can't help showing that I love him, but he has not said anything in regard to his feelings for me. Do you think I am wasting my time by going with him, but I am afraid if I encourage someone else I will lose him?  
E. D.

I think the young man has only a friendly feeling for you, though perhaps

he shows no greater interest because he knows you love him and would accept no one else. If you encourage someone else and make him believe he may win you, he will be the decisive step if he really loves you.  
Telephone Her Again.

Dear Betty:  
I am eighteen and deeply in love with a girl about my own age. I have taken her to places of amusement three or four times, always seeing her home. I have never told her that I love her, for I was afraid I would hurt her feelings. Yesterday I called her up on the telephone, but she was not home. She has not called me up yet and I am worrying for fear she is angry, although she has not the slightest cause. What shall I do about the matter?  
BROKEN-HEARTED.

Telephone the young lady again, as she is probably waiting for you to do so. I think you are too young to be getting into love. I advise you to be a friend to her only.

## The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 32—RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES.

Nineteenth President (1822-1893), tall, strongly built, broad forehead. Brown hair and beard. Aquiline nose, bushy brows.

"RISE at 7, retire at 10. Read no light literature. Study law six hours, German two and chemistry two."

The Harvard Law School student who, in 1843, laid out this rather dreary routine for spending ten of his fifteen waking hours each day in study and for going without amusement was young Rutherford Birchard Hayes, of Ohio. He came of pioneer New England stock. His father was a storekeeper who moved to Delaware, O., and died there in July, 1822, three months before his son's birth. Young Rutherford seems to have been left fairly well off. He was able to take full courses in the local public schools and to go to Kenyon College, where, at twenty, he was graduated, as valedictorian of his class, and went to Harvard to study law. Admitted to the bar, he wore himself out by overwork (still following the "ten hour day" idea), and was threatened with consumption. His career came to a standstill while he worked on a farm in Texas trying to win back his lost health. He succeeded, and started life over again, in 1849, as a lawyer in Cincinnati. Here he had a really hard struggle for livelihood, but at last got upon his feet. He married, and soon afterward began work as an active Wing politician, becoming city solicitor in 1858. The Whig party was by that time dead, and Hayes threw in his lot with the Republicans.

When the civil war began a literary club of which he was a member formed a military company, electing Hayes their captain. President Lincoln offered to appoint him Colonel of volunteers, but Hayes declined, saying he did not yet understand enough of martial duties. So he set to studying military tactics, as he had studied law. He rose steadily in rank, soon becoming a Lieutenant-Colonel. At the battle of South Mountain, while leading his regiment into a charge, Hayes was badly wounded in the arm. Returning to his duties after sick leave he was made Colonel. In that capacity he did gallant work in checking the raids of the daring Confederate leader Morgan, and helped bring about Morgan's surrender.

In the second battle of Winchester Hayes led the charge on a Confederate battery. A marsh lay in his way. His horse quickly sank in the mud. Hayes dismounted and plucked ahead on foot, under heavy fire, shouting to his men to follow. With forty soldiers, who had succeeded in crossing the marsh, he attacked and captured the battery after a hand-to-hand fight, receiving a wound in the head. For this and for later deeds of heroism he rose to the rank of Brigadier-General.

While the war was still on Hayes was named for Congress. He refused to leave the army at so critical a time to canvass for his own election. Yet he was chosen by a 2,400 majority and served two terms as Congressman. Then came three terms as Governor of Ohio, during which he proved to all his ability as a statesman.

At the Republican National Convention in 1876 there was difficulty in finding a nominee to succeed Grant as President. Among the names suggested were those of James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling and Oliver P. Morton. Hayes was entered in the competition as a "dark horse." On the seventh ballot he was nominated. His Democratic opponent was Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. Then trouble set in. The campaign was one of the fiercest on record. When the returns were made known each side charged the other with fraud. Both parties claimed certain Southern States. Results were uncertain. To decide on the validity of the election certificates submitted by the various States an Electoral Commission was chosen. As this commission refused to "go behind the returns" of the State Governors, the votes of the Republican Electors from all "disputed States" were accepted as genuine. Whether this arrangement was fraudulent or rightful cannot be decided here. The outcome of the proceedings gave Hayes a majority of one in the Electoral College and he was therefore declared elected. Party feeling ran high and bitter disappointment was rife.

It is fair to say, though, that Hayes himself probably acted throughout in perfect good faith. He wrote, during the dispute: "We are not to allow our friends to defeat one another by another. There must be nothing 'curved' on our part. Let Mr. Tilden have the place by violence, intimidation or fraud, rather than undertake to prevent it by means that will not bear the severest scrutiny." Hayes began his administration in the face of much ill-feeling. He was not a great President, but he was conscientious, and did what he believed right. He worked hard for the improvement of the South's political and general condition, constantly hampered in this attempt by the machine politicians. Hayes also strove for civil service reform and upheld the doctrine of "sound money." There was little else especially noteworthy in his four years at Washington.

His wife was an ardent supporter of the temperance movement. She carried her principles to such an extent as to forbid the use of wine at State banquets at the White House. This and alleged peculiarities of his own drew down on Hayes more or less ridicule. Refusing to allow his name to be mentioned for a second term, the President retired in 1881 to private life. He did splendid work in later years along lines of charity, of prison reform and of education, and died at his Ohio country home Jan. 17, 1893. He was a man of energy rather than genius; of principles rather than inspiration. If he left no marked impression on his century he at least left it no worse for his presence.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained on application by sending a one-cent stamp for each article to "The Evening World Circulation Department."

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.



EVERY time a woman gives a man a piece of her mind she loses a piece of her heart.

When a man spends his time giving his wife criticism and advice instead of compliments, he forgets that it was not his good judgment but his charming manners that won her heart.

A man's idea of showing his wife a hilarious time is to take her on a pleasure trip and then leave her sitting on a plush sofa in the hotel parlor while he goes out to get a shave, look over the time tables and hunt up the bar.

A man never marries when he ought to; he waits until some woman comes along and gets him so tangled up that he has to.

When the witches in "Macbeth" spoke of "Double, double, toil and trouble," they must have meant twins. "I love you" is just a tiny, three-word sentence, but it is big enough to stick in a strong man's throat and choke him all up.

A bachelor always looks upon his past love affairs as narrow escapes; an old maid regards hers as lost opportunities.

The tenderest spot in a man's make-up is sometimes the bald spot on top of his head.

Somehow a man who has been thrown over always lands on his knees to another girl.

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

Our Canned Ballots.

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ACT pretty soon we shall tackle the Ballot Boxes with a CAN-OPENER!

What will our Little "MAYOR" Think of That? We have about made up our mind that AFTER THIS we shall run our ballots Directly into the BOX from a Rotary PRESS. This will save a lot of expensive PRELIMINARIES and INSURE our ELECTION!

The Dependent League has indorsed The Rotary Press Ballot and The Can-Opener Idea. This makes it as GOOD as DONE!